

ear. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, and I screamed in impotent agony. But in a moment more I recovered myself. I had some distinct notion that the speed of an engine was no exhilarated or checked by operating the levers, which I found by my side, and forthwith commenced a series of experiments with them. But my unskillfulness or a gasp prevented my employing the proper means, and I fancied I had only increased the speed. Another resource flashed upon me. I might pull out the blazing wood and coals, reduce the fire. It was a mad idea, for my ungloved hands were my only tools for the enterprise; but I choked wildly to myself as I thought how feasible it was, and how soon of success. Eagerly I stopped down and pulled a flaming stick from beneath the boiler. The seething pitch scalded my hands, and the live embers burnt them cruelly; but I hardly felt the pain as I hurled it into the furnace. The shriek of my companion, which was still ringing in my ears, no longer wondered at his wild leap from the engine. It was the excess of my terror alone which prevented me following his example. I no longer cared for the murderous speed of the locomotive; I no longer thought of my own danger. All the misgivings, all fears for myself, were swallowed up and merged in the vast, shuddering, insupportable horror. For there, just before me upon the boiler, with his lips parted into a fiendish grin, with his eyes wide open, and staring upon me, and the glare imparting a life-like glow to his ghastly features; there, within reach of my pistol hand, even as I shrunk back in craven fear to the faint limits of my moving prison, sat a pale, gory, hideous, and mangled human being.

"You smile, gentlemen," continued the ugly man, with a melancholy air, "and it seems to me that if I should hear the story told by another, as you are now doing, in a quiet room, with fire floor beneath my feet, cheerful fire before me, and friends around, I should no longer believe in the existence of such a thing as a ghost; but believe me," dropping his voice so low that he could hardly hear him, "it is a different thing in a wild night, alone and with a sudden and awful death impending over you."

"Keep moving, stranger," said the man in the red shirt, cracking a hickory nut. "It's a good one as a sermon. Pass on to the second hand."

"It could, of course," pursued the ugly man without heeding the unkindly jest, "but a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, before this terrible drama must conclude, but no prisoner ever longed for freedom as I did for the final crash which I know would be my life and a rest together. I made no further efforts to stop the locomotive. I was hardly aware that it was still tearing maddly on as though frightened, like myself, at its ghastly burden. The lightning still flashed at intervals, and illuminated the clay face; but I did not need its gleams to see the horrible thing. For through the pitch darkness and the blinding rain it glared as 'had beheld it at first. Nor do I consider this imagination. I think that error had so shaped my vision that, tho' all else was wrapped in impenetrable gloom, I could see his glassy eye-balls, his bloody, grinning mouth."

"I have since learned—I do not think that I knew it at the time—that all this while, the fiend in the tender behind me was bleating furiously. It had caught either by a spark from the engine or, which is more probable, from the burning stick which I had so hastily tossed away. But as I said, I do not know that I was aware of it; if I had added another pang of terror to my heart; and only inquisition it now as an incidental element in the horror of my situation, and also from the fact that the universal light alarmed the watchers at the station, and putting them upon their guard, prevented any destruction of life on my arrival."

"I can never bring myself to believe that so short a time elapsed, as I know must have passed, before the awful vision ceased. It seems to me now, and always when I recall that dreadful midnight, as though I must have spent hours braced back against the tender, not daring to take my eyes from the spectral face, paralyzed and crazy with fright, my hair like rods, and the cold sweat burning from every pore. During all this time, I know that I regarded the fiend as any other than supernatural. If it had occurred to me that it was nothing but what it seemed, a dead hood, perhaps, possibly, I might have rallied. But there was something so hellish in that stony gaze, none visible thro' the murky night, that earth and earthy corpses were alike forgotten by me. Heavens! thought I, is this to last forever? Am I dead, and are these torments of the damned? Will this torture never have an end?"

"The end was even then at hand. I shot into brilliantly lighted streets; whose brightness made the corpse glare still more hideously upon me. I heard shouts of fear and warning, but they could not distract my attention. I caught glimpses of the station of groups of agonized and horror-stricken faces; what were they to the distorted features of the fiend before me? A crash, a feeling of death like sickness, and when I awoke my midnight ride had been the rounds of all the newspapers, and been forgotten."

"The ugly man arose and adjusted his cravat, as if to leave."

"Pray! Sir," said a little, silent man from the corner, in an excited manner, and speaking for the first time, "was that the engineer's head?"

"Oh! no," answered the narrator, with an air of relief, as though he was glad his tale was ended. "I learned, when I got well enough to ask and ask questions, that the engineer crashed into the town the following day, weary, torn, and bleeding, without any perceptible injuries. The head belonged to a poor man, who had often attempted the same feat of suicide, and that evening, escaping from his confinement, had lowered himself down into a canal ditch, keeping his head some six inches above the surface of the road. The cow catcher, as he probably intended it should do, had cut his head cleanly and smoothly off, and had thrown it so high that it lodged and stuck where I first saw it. His body was afterward found mangled in the ditch beneath. And then, neighbors, is the way I came to be the wreck you see me."

"That's a right smart yarn now, stranger," said the man in the red shirt, "and I suppose likely enough to happen on some of them 'His nobs'; but on the Little River Road—Lampdown to Little River when I'm to home—they don't allow no dead heads."—Knickerbocker.

—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing over the signature of an "Irish American," speaks in this wise of the injurious calamities which are now so truly being heaped upon his countrymen by the self-styled liberal true American press; and by those of our American people who would make and anti-Catholic denunciation the chief business of the rostrum, the Senate chamber, and the pulpit.

"We are determined that 'Priest riden Irish,' 'Slaves of Rome,' 'Tools of the Pope,' 'The ignorant, bigoted, superstitious Irish,' and by way of variety, we are sometimes put down as 'Red mouthed Greeks,' &c. Now, Sir, why is this? This is a land of schools and general intelligence. Why, then, this hatred of the Irish by the Americans? Why are Irishmen, beaten and abused on account of my birth? Why am I persecuted in this land of freedom because I worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience? Such is the case; and why? What have I or my countrymen done? Have we proved recalcitrant to any law? Have we proved traitors to the country, its constitution, or its people? I am sixty-two years in this country. I have been in every State and in the Territory in every Union, and never have I, in my life, heard the first Irishman say one disrespectful word of the country or of the American people. On the contrary, we love America and her glorious institutions (with one exception which is not an exception) with a love somewhat peculiar to Irishmen; and still we are suspected and our clergy are accused, of whipping us into and keeping us among us as 'Catholic Irish party.' Now, Mr. Editor, I challenge any man woman or child to prove that any Catholic priest has ever interfered in the politics of this country, or ever tried to organize a Catholic party. Sir, I deny the charge most emphatically—I say it is utterly false."

A Card from Col. R. B. Carpenter.
Covington, Ky., Jan. 3, 1855.

Messrs. Eds. Gazette: In your paper of the 12th of December, you say that the rumor "most prevalent" is, that Mr. Perkins had understood that for sometime past Col. Carpenter had been slandering his wife by stating she was an improper woman. And again: "Mr. P. also alleges, that on Sunday last Mr. Carpenter had stated to a friend of his, that Mr. Perkins had caught him (Carpenter) in bed with Mrs. Perkins, and was too big a coward to resent it." And again: "We learn that the difficulty between Col. Carpenter and Mr. Perkins, about the wife of the latter, has been going on from five to seven years; many times the parties meeting, and after exchanging hard words, would separate, each threatening the other's life." Now is this fair or honorable? Your reporter was at the trial of Perkins before the examining court—there was not a syllable of proof to justify such statements. Quite the contrary. As to the rumor mentioned in the paragraph first quoted, it never was "prevalent" here. No person can be found who will state or swear it, and if such an one could, he would be a perjured accuser. The statement in the second paragraph is based upon the authority of Perkins himself, an assassin and would-be murderer.

He that can murder, can he not lie? Is it just for a respectable and widely circulated journal to stamp with an air of truth the falsehoods of a villain and coward.

Lastly, can you reconcile with your sense of right, the great injury done to a lady of the most irreproachable character, and myself, by the insertion of this statement, it being in the very teeth of the testimony and the facts? That I have not spoken in Perkins and his wife for years, is well known to all my acquaintances, and would have been ascertained by the slightest inquiry. Yours truly,
R. B. CARPENTER.

It is due to Mr. Carpenter to give place to the above, although the language is not the most select that could have been used. It is likewise due to our reporter to state, that he is not aware of having said a word concerning the unfortunate affair in his report that was not derived from the preliminary examination, or from citizens of Covington of respectability and character.—Cin. Gazette.

News Days Later from Europe.

The War—The General Aspect of Affairs.

There is no news of the slightest interest from the Crimea. Affairs within and without Sevastopol remain precisely as they were. Occasional shots are exchanged when a mark presents; but the firing has ceased to be continuous on either side. All field and siege operations are suspended by the heavy rains, which have rendered the roads impassable, and have filled the trenches of the besiegers with water. The besieged avail themselves of the respite to repair their works. Cholera and scarcity prevail within the city. Deserter reports that Menchikov has received considerable reinforcements, but they arrived without supplies and almost destitute of clothing. By this time the allies must have received 12,000 to 20,000 additional troops, besides an abundance of supplies, warm clothing, and wooden huts to shelter about half the army. It is affirmed—but probably exaggerated—that the French force will be augmented in twelve divisions, or about 120,000 men, which, with the English and Turkish reinforcements, will make the strength of the allies 200,000—an army which it is considered will equal any that Russia can bring into the field.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—SENATE.—Mr. Sumner presented a memorial from the citizens of Massachusetts, asking for the relief of emigrants, and particularly from Roman Catholics, and asking Congress for a head tax of not less than 250 dollars on each foreigner arriving in the country. Referred to Committee on Judiciary.

On motion of Mr. Gwynne the bill containing the California land commission, which passed the House yesterday; was taken up and passed without debate.

Mr. Brodhead's land bill was resumed.

Mr. D. L. of Iowa, offered an amendment to Mr. Clayton's amendment. The former proposing a maximum of 320 acres in one tract, and 640 in one township. It was taken up. Mr. Chase in favor and Mr. Clayton against the amendment. It was adopted yeas 21, nays 15.

HOUSE.—Mr. Wheeler presented a memorial, which was referred to the committee on Commerce from the shipmasters and shipping merchants of New York relative to certain floating lights at the mouth of that harbor.

On motion of Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., the message from the President, relative to the establishment of the navy yard at Memphis was referred to Special commercial committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—SENATE.—Mr. Sumner presented a memorial from Houston, asking that some of the United States ships be sent to the relief of Dr. Kane. Referred.

The Military Academy bill was taken up, and an amendment reported by the Committee on Finance was adopted, and the bill was then passed.

On motion of Mr. Halger, the Senate agreed that when it adjourns, it shall be till next Tuesday, Monday being the 8th of January.

Mr. Brodhead endeavored to get the Soldier's Bounty bill before the Senate; but on motion of Mr. Cass, it was made the special order for next Tuesday.

The Judicial Reform bill was taken up.

Mr. Young offered to amend by making the bill read eleven instead of ten Circuit Judges in order to give California one; which was agreed to.

Mr. Douglas explained his amendment, which provides for a Court of Appeals, composed of six judges, in addition to the judge having the original jurisdiction; also for rotation, so that in nine years each of the judicial districts shall be filled by new men.

Mr. Cass was in favor of keeping the judges in contact with the people, and that the judges in a district should always act together. He thought the Supreme Court should be confined to the Supreme Court at the seat of government, and said he was opposed to their considering anything concerning case beyond the record.

Mr. Geyer said he was opposed to the centralization of the Judges concerning their circuits, and he moved to strike out the first section, in order to test the Senate on the increase.

Mr. Blayton hoped no test vote would be taken at this stage of the proceedings, and the Senate then adjourned until Tuesday.

HOUSE.—Napoleon Bonaparte Gibbons, the now delegate from Nebraska, appeared and took his seat.

Mr. Elliot, of Mass., introduced a bill providing for continuing the repairs of the injury done Plymouth beach.

Mr. Walden presented a memorial from the New York Life Insurance Association, and of all the Marine Insurance Companies of that city, asking that an expedition be fitted out to go to the rescue of Dr. Kane. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, from the Printing Committee, moved that 20,000 extra copies of the President's message on the late river and harbor bill be printed, which was agreed to. Yeas, 88; nays, 51.

The House went into committee, and passed fourteen private bills, and then adjourned.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death.

Common Sense, versus Dangerous Remedies.—And then what are the remedies usually resorted to? Common sense would suggest that as there cannot be an effect without a cause, all that is necessary would be to ascertain the cause and remove it; place the body in the best hygienic condition and trust to nature for the result. But "no," answers Dr. Bell, behind the age, "such a course would be extremely dangerous, (to his pocket) it would be necessary to take every four hours, two of my purely-vegetable—mineral—pills,"—compounded from rare substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the great desert of Sahara, on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic ocean on two ships.

Besides other "remedies" equally respectable and infallible, as Dr. Gampson's Gullible Gulls, only "one dollar per bottle," (first cost eight cents including the bottle and label,) warranted to gull all the gullible gulls who are unfortunately ignorant and credulous enough to buy and swallow the poisonous stuff. Also, Professor Poke's Powerful patent pressure Pills, Powders and potions, Balms and Ready-Resolvents, (readily resolve dollars from the patient's pocket into that of the villainous quack compounders.)

All Drugs, Poisons.—When will people learn, and knowing, act accordingly; that all drugs are poisons! That all the different preparations of mercury, as calomel, blue pill, &c.; and of arsenic, as "Fowler's Solution, &c.," and of antimony, as Tartar-emetic, James's Powders, &c. Sugar of lead and the different preparations of tin, zinc, copper, gold, iron, iodine, manganese sulphur, phosphorus, bismuth, and the entire family of drug-acids, and vegetable stimulants and narcotics, as opium, tobacco, belladonna, quinine, aloes, &c. &c. are all more or less poisonous in their effects, whether in large or small quantities, and whether applied externally or internally.

The Magic Bullet.—If we shoot a bullet at a sick person, it would be but natural to expect death as the result. But engrave the magic word medicine on the bullet in mystic characters and with mysterious ceremonies, and then shoot, when lo! presto-change! it cures instead of kills. This is the philosophy of drug-medication.

Water-cure the best Remedy.—Be fore the advent of the Water-Cure, there was some excuse for the use of drugs, but now there is none, and the sooner those who are engaged in the business get out of it, the better for themselves and the world.

It is admitted that there are many remedies for disease in the vast arena of nature, but that remedy which is the most abundant, the most economical, the simplest, the most agreeable to the senses, the most harmonizing and affirmative with our organic structure, and the most successful, ought to take the preference.

There is but one substance in nature that will answer to this description, and that is—water. It does not cost one dollar per bottle. It is at every man's door free of cost. In every well, cistern, streamlet, lake, and river on the face of the globe, and over our heads, too, in its purest state in the clouds being a grand Universal sally come at able remedy, free gratis for nothing.

"Know-NOTHING."—All other systems of medicine are obliged to be wrapped in incomprehensible mystification to hide their weakness. The Water-Cure is simplicity amplified. Other systems necessarily depend upon the ignorance and credulity of the people for their support. The Water Cure renders "every one his own physician." Its simplicity renders its principles comprehensive, even to a child. The spirit and tendency of the age is favorable to simplicity and economy, and is decidedly opposed to everything like antiquated mystery and humbug.

PREVENTATION.—The Water Cure is a component part and parcel of the hygienic laws, to which it most strictly enjoins the strictest obedience. It more than any other system, in effect at least, pays close attention to prevention. Those who live hygienically, do not stand in danger of, or liability to sickness. While other systems solvent wait until actual sickness and prostration takes place, and then without reference to causes prescribe drug—"remedies" having about as much relation to disease as chalk to cheese.

SUPERSTITION AND BARK PILLS.—There is a great deal of superstition connected with drugs, and his accounts in a great measure for their potency in many cases, notwithstanding their poisonous nature. People are fond of imagining some wonderful, mysterious power to be connected with some nasty, far-fetched substance. And, as their faith is, so it is a great misfortune. Imagination has a great deal to do with producing the desired result. One of the most skillful physicians in New York city, a few years ago, acknowledged, after retiring from practice, that for several years he had given his patients nothing stronger than bread pills!

The clock of religion is to be known sometimes, says Punch, by the fine gap it has during sermon time.

"Who was it hooked my dress," "Sassy!" asked a California widow one morning, on missing one from her wardrobe. "Le, ma'am, why do you ask?" said Suky, quite innocently. "Jil'nt I see Mr. Johnson hooking it for you this mornin'?"

The Southern Era notices the marriage of Mr. John H. Strange to Miss Elizabeth Strango, all of Albermarle Co. An event that is very strange but any no doubt the next event will be a LITTLE THUNDER.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—THE QUESTION SETTLED.—A dispatch has been received in Paris, announcing the result of the deliberations of the Bishops assembled at Rome to consider the Immaculate Conception. The number of "votes" was 578, including proxies, and about 120 Bishops actually present. Of these, 540 pronounced by acclamation for the new dogma; 32 voices questioned the appropriateness of such a discussion just now; while only 4 protested by against the right of the Holy See to decide a question of this importance without a regular council. Of these 4 votes, 2, it is rumored, are contributed by French prelates—namely, M. Oliver, Bishop of Evreux, and the other the Archbishop of Paris himself.

The proceedings in the Lower House of Congress, on the 6th, were unimportant.

A man of sense finds less difficulty in submitting to a wrong headed fellow than in attempting to set him right.

NEW YEAR IMPORTATIONS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has just received a large stock of

Hardware, Cutlery, Cooking and Parlor Stoves; also on hand and constantly manufacturing to order or otherwise,

of every description, together with a general supply of everything in his line. Work promptly executed on moderate terms.

GEORGE ALLGAIER.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me by note or account are earnestly requested to come forward and settle up.

Jan. 4, 1855-43-11.

L. B. OFFUTT, LEESBURG, KY.

OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, to the citizens of this and the adjoining counties, at reasonable rates of compensation. His post-office is Leesburg, Harrison county, Ky.

Jan. 4, 1855-43-11.

SCOTT FARM! NEGROES, STOCK AND CROP, AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, wishing to remove from this State, will on

THURSDAY, 10TH JANUARY, '55, sell to the highest bidder, his farm, situated on the Georgetown and South Elkhorn turnpike road, 6 miles south of Georgetown, and 600 yards of Payne's Depot, on the Frankfort and Lexington Railroad, containing

270 1/2 ACRES

of first rate land, (100 acres in timber and the remainder in a fine state of cultivation.) The improvements are comfortable; well watered and a young Orchard of the finest fruit; hogs and all with Oxen, &c. In point of soil, location and timber, it is not surpassed by any farm of its size in Kentucky. Also at the same time

TEN LIKELY NEGROES;

consisting of Men, Women and Boys; a very likely boy nineteen years old, four years experience in a Blacksmith Shop; 12 large work and brood Mares, 5 Cows and Calves, 1 pair Oxen, 20 Wagons and Carts, Farming Utensils, Household and Kitchen Furniture; also, the crop, consisting of

30 TO 40 BUSHELS CULTIVATED CORN; 1000 SHEEP!

80 Barrels of Corn; 14 Stacks of Oats, 200 stacks of Fodder.

TERMS OF SALE.—\$4,000 of purchase money in eight payments, the remainder in payments to suit the purchaser, which will be made known on day of sale. The Negroes and other property sold on a credit of three months, with approved security, negotiable and payable in the Farmer's Bank of Ky., at Georgetown. Persons wishing to buy, would do well to call and examine this Farm as I am determined to sell.

J. DELPER, Auctioneer. JOHN A. WILSON, Observer & Reporter, Stationer, and Paris Citizen, copy till day of sale and charge this office.

Dental Notice.

We are gratified to see our old friend, Dr. S. Driggs in town again, looking hale and hearty, although dead and buried long ago, according to Dame Rumor, the lying jade. By-the-bye, the Dr. proposes to adjourn with us for a while, and as he has the reputation of being a skillful dentist, we would suggest to those whose dental organs require revision, that their room is No. 14, Georgetown Hotel, where he would be pleased to receive those who may require his professional services.

Dec. 7, 1854 39 if.

WILLOW WARE.—I have concluded an agreement with the Frankfort Basket Manufactory, by which I am enabled to furnish any quantity of Willow Ware at manufacturers' prices.—All orders addressed to me will be promptly filled.

Samplers may be seen at my store, also a stock of Baskets, &c. constantly on hand for retail sales.

W. H. KEENE.

Dec. 21, 1854 41-11.

OLD BURBON WHISKY.—120 bbls, 4 and 6 years old, very superior quality, in store and for sale low for cash only.

W. H. KEENE.

Dec. 21, 1854 41-11.

THE HERALD
"Time, Faith and Energy."
HENRY R. FRENCH, EDITOR
GEORGETOWN:
THURSDAY, - JANUARY 11, 1855

Wm. Pallen, town, paid to No 43, vol 10 60 00
F. Hembrick, county, paid to No 42, vol 10 50
Major F. C. McCall, town, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
P. L. Mitchell, town, paid to No 82, vol 10 3 00
Isaac Hecht, town, paid to No 14, vol 11 2 00
B. F. Payan, P. O. paid to No 52, vol 10 4 00
L. L. Harrod, Grant Crossing, paid to No 4, vol 11 1 75
Col. Barlow, town, paid to No 46, vol 10 3 60
Hiram Sullivan, town, paid to No 18, vol 11 10
Dr. James Rowins, county, paid to No 30, vol 11 3 00
J. F. Boett, town, paid to No 48, vol 10 1 65
Simon Stepp, town, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
T. S. Berkley & Co town, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Dr. Joel Hopkins, S. C. Davis, Md, paid to No 52, vol 10 5 00
Ed. Hinkley, Baltimore, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Wm J. Daiano, Dayton, Ohio, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Miss F. J. Wood, A. Post Office, Ohio, paid to No 52, vol 10 4 00
Stephen Springer, Toledo, Ohio, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Miss Anne Stillwell, Madina, Michigan, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
Frank Rankins, town, paid to No 50, vol 10 2 00
Thos Barbridge, town, paid to No 52, vol 10 2 00
S. T. Bancroft, town, paid to No 50, vol 10 2 00
Sep Batts, town, paid to No 9, vol 11 8 00
M. L. Hallows, & Co., (par Cress & Co.) Philadelphia, paid to No 45, vol 11 2 00

PUBLIC NOTICE.

A meeting will take place at the Court House on Monday, the 15th, for the purpose of adopting some means for the relief of the distressed of the poor citizens of our county. A general attendance of our citizens is requested.

The New Year.

All hail to the New Year! What with the increase of our subscription list, and the influx of dollars and dimes, we feel disposed to shout halleluiah to the year! If our patrons will keep up such ticks, and advertising and job work maintain their usual flow, we shall not hesitate, despite the drought and other untoward circumstances by which our finances were sadly cramped, to don a new coat for the Herald, our favorite child, between this and the 'ides of August!'

The Infant Orator.

We were greatly gratified last week by a visit from Master Benjamin Hopper, the infant orator, a little lad of but seven years of age, who, with remarkable grace and dignity gave us a specimen of his oratorical powers. The boy is a prodigy, and his remarkable talent ought to be cultivated. We have neither time or space to enter into details; suffice it to say, that although a child of but 7 years of age, and with little or no education, he delivered a speech with all the grace and dignity of an experienced speaker. His father is a Virginian, but the boy was born in Barren county, Ky, and at a very early age gave indications of the talent he possesses. He is under the charge of Mr. T. Sheritt, a very respectable gentleman of Louisville, and the main object in bringing him before the public is to secure means for the cultivation of so rare a talent. The exhibitions are free, and contributions for the purpose mentioned, at the option of visitors; let every body go if they wish to enjoy an intellectual feast and contribute to so worthy an object of public beneficence.

Expiring Kick of the dying Dynasty.

When we pronounced our eulogium on the late Board of Trustees, we were confident that there was not a spark of vitality in its dignified carcass but we were sadly mistaken—ay, to the amount of sundry dollars and dimes while suspended, like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, last week, in the interval between the publication of our eulogium, and the election of a new Board, that very dignified and highly respectable body, the late Board, managed to give us like the equally dignified and respectable Miss Lucrotie, a farewell kick, by sending the finance report and election tickets to Lexington, to be printed at the expense of the town. Ah gentlemen! there is but 'one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' and if you and Miss Delia—wo beg pardon—Miss Lucrotie—have not taken that step, then we are mistaken in the 'signs of the times!' From their boasted dignity, (with a few honorable exceptions) 'what a falling off was there, my countrymen!'

T. S. BARKLEY & Co., who keep most everything imaginable, have on hand, excellent assortment of books, comprising all styles of literature; having been tarotured with an opportunity of examining his book shelves, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers and commending them to the public, and as this firm claims an established popularity, we feel confident our call will suffice to rattle their friends of their duty as patrons.

Nothing so tempts us to make extravagance, and sometimes unnecessary expenditures, as dealing with a reliable and accommodating trader, and those who resemble us in this peculiarity should avoid Barkley's where those characteristics prevail more extensively, than with many of their contemporaries. But done with jesting, we are sorry to hear Barkley say his sale of books is not what it ought to be, which added to our knowledge of the desirable works comprised in his assortment, forces us to the conclusion that there must be a lower appreciative literary mind in our community than we had calculated upon.

We hope our friends will think of this and more liberally encourage the merchandise of literature, in our good town.

The Cincinnati dollar Commercial, one of our favorite exchanges, and one every way worth of the patronage of the South, thus assiduously discourses of that grand desideratum an Independent Press. As pleased were we with the article; that we flattered ourselves that we had written it ourselves, and therefore, under this impression, adopted it as one of our own editorials. It suits our meridian as well as Cincinnati, and well accords with our own experience and observation.

An Independent Press.

An independent press. What an admirable thing is an independent press. How everybody loves an independent press! How strange it is that we don't have an independent press, when everybody is in love with the ideal. Everybody is an independent; men speak their opinions, irrespective of the feelings of their neighbors, and not without reference to what others may say of them—of course they do! It is only the editors who are servile, poor chicken-hearted fellows! Afraid of what? Afraid of losing subscribers, patrons, bread and butter? Well, we must put up with it; and yet it is strange that all the moral cowards in the community are the editors. The lower surface of a dough-face, and the upper surface of a tripod, seem to have an affinity for each other. There is magnetism somewhere. Is it in the chair or the incumbent? Does the most attack the dough-face, or the dough-face the seat? Here is a question of physico-morality for you, or for our contemporary of the Times to solve. There is a truth somewhere—at the bottom of the chair, perhaps. True.

Why don't you pitch in? Into what? Into everything and everybody. Expose all the knaves, reform all the abuses, and let the river of your indignation flow into and purgo this Augean stable of society. That's the way to make yourself popular. Everybody will take your paper and read it, and everybody will sustain you in it. Fair and softly, friend—who is to pay the bill? When we are sued for a libel—when the virtuous and eloquent Squire Blunderbuss, with a five hundred dollar fee buttoned snug and aise in his pocket, rises before the jury, and pours the vials of his pious indignation upon a licentious press, and paints the horrors of its ravages, in uprearing the reputation of the just, and blackening the fair fame of the innocent, don't you all grow virtuously indignant, that so awful a pest as a newspaper should be permitted to exist?—don't you wonder that editors should ever presume to interfere where the characters of people are concerned, and doubt, if justice does not soon avertake them at the hands of man, Providence will speedily mete out, in their case, the fate of Korah and Dathan?

A man steals, into his neighbor's house at midnight, and blows out his brains—another sends to his friend an infernal compound, by whose explosion a family is sent to eternity—the newspapers get hold of the facts, and lay them before their readers—the criminal is arrested, indicted and arraigned for trial—and what next? 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' inquires his well paid counsel, 'have you read any of those infamous reports against my client, which have been published in the papers, for the purpose of securing his conviction?' The public become outraged at the conduct of the newspapers—and like a man who swallowed a rotten oyster—would be glad to throw 'up,' what they read with such an appetite, a few days before, if they could.

Counsel finds that his client has no case—no defence. What then? Make a drive at the newspapers. He is an injured, persecuted man—the victim of a conspiracy—the vile, venal, vulgar press has determined that he should be convicted. Gentlemen of the jury, will you bow your heads in slavery to this new tyranny in the State? Not I, gentlemen! Let the oppressed go free.

Discount Swatclaw, Esq., came to the city and brought, for capital, a rogue's reputation. As the easiest mode to reader his raggedy available, he took up the profession of banking and religion. He thrived—gave splendid dinners—banked in one palace and lived in another, was a

leader in the church, and a pattern among the snobs. He ended as any man of sense must have known he must end by swindling thousands and running away with the money. You know this—now what the end must be, before it came—Why didn't you expose him?—Honest, innocent, near-sighted, unreasoning individual! Suppose we had said that Discount Swatclaw was a knave, what a hubbub would have been kicked up in the church! The appearance of Anti-Christ, horns and all, would not have excited half so much commotion.—We should have been denounced as an infidel, an atheist, with an especial grudge against God's chosen people! Suppose we had said he was unsound; and insolvent, what a stir there would have been on Third street, and how many gentlemen suspecting themselves to be in the same ticklish condition would have had their sensibilities wounded by our arrogance. Who would have helped us to pay the exemplary damages that he might have waited long enough to recover, or have hesitated to respond to the verdict, "Served him right!"

RELIAT. SMOOTH is a calm, quiet, sanctimonious, domestic tyrant. No man appears in the newspaper more often than he, as the patron of some movement for the spread of the gospel, the relief of the indigent, or the promotion of the cause of philanthropy. Yet beneath this, all is false and hollow, and these professions conceal a heartless wretch and detestable hypocrite. His wife sleeps in her grave, sent there by a cold and careless pensioner, and his daughters were driven from his house by his solicitations and his abuse. Why don't you unmask the hypocrite, and show him up in his true colors, as the editor of an independent journal should do? Restrain your temper, Mr. Simplicity—you don't understand what you are talking about. Suppose we should do it, who, sooner than yourself, would join in a complaint that a licentious press should penetrate the sanctity of the domestic circle, and desecrate the holy scenes that cluster around the family fireside? This will never do.

Oh, it is easy to complain about the servility of the press. We have thousands who are ready enough to get us into difficulty, where there is one willing to aid in helping us out. Widow Flax is out of patience with widow Flint who lives on the third floor opposite, because the latter has wiled away her lover, and is perfectly convinced that we will not permit her, for the benefit of society, of course, to leap from her rival through our columns. Dr. CALDWELL and Dr. WATER-POWER, each think it would be vastly for the benefit of mankind if we would permit him to annihilate the false, erroneous, unphilosophical system of the other, by the aid of our types and ink, and has but a poor opinion of our courage because we look upon it in a different light. If we would only take the advice of old friends, subscribers and patrons, we could readily have quarrels enough on our hands to keep a forty horse-power threshing-machine in constant employment, and exhaust the wealth of the mines of California in the payment of damages.

An independent press is an excellent thing; but to tell the plain simple truth, the love which men bear for it is usually in proportion to the extent to which it agrees with themselves in opinion. Every man is willing that it shall be not only independent, but impudent to the rest of mankind, provided it in all cases, coincides exactly with his own views and interests, and taken a reverend care not to touch himself.

As we cannot be thus complaisant to all of our readers, it is not probable that we shall gain much credit as an independent journalist; and if we even should secure such credit, it will most likely come at a time when it is least deserved. Such is the way of the world, and it is not for us to complain. We don't.

Town Trustees.
J. F. BEATTY, Chairman, 91
STEDMAN, L. C. 90
CLARK, H. 89
NEHLS, C. 90
JENKINS, TRAVIS. 91
KING, J. C. 91
TRIMBLE GEO. E. 92
SOWARDS, R. V. 92
POLK, M. 99

APPROACHES OF MARRIAGE.—We have a friend, (don't say it was our dear reader,) a six footer, who was promenading on a public occasion with a magnificent woman.

We are the observed of all observers, said the gentleman.

Yes; replied the lady, we are two brilliant stars.

Put the stars together, responded the gentleman, and what a brilliant sun they would make.

At Cincinnati, Kentucky Trust Co. notes are quoted at 62 discount; Newport Safety Fund 85 discount; Connersville 35 discount.

I tell you, I used him up.—Miss Lucetta Wright.
Alas! alas! and a well-a-day! the highly educated, dignified, and refined Miss Lucetta Wright, despite the advice of her "loved friend" will not condescend to "kick us into notice!" Supported by the clergy on either side, who teach us poor laymen that the Scriptural teaching must be received 'all or none,' she felt free, of course, to override Paul's teaching as well as the common code of propriety and decency! Just think of a large and respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen, not to apply her pedantic extremity to our neither extremity! She could not condescend thus far! Mirabile dictu!

But we forbear; for though we may be, as graphically described by a Rev. friend, 'uglier than any thing, from a lizard to an Elephant,' we have too high a respect for the sex to kick back at one who claims to be of their order; we would scorn to kick a female even of the canine species, provided she had donned a petticoat and assumed the garb of woman, gentle woman! But when women quit their legitimate sphere of action, and act as men, they lose their claim upon the gallantry of our sex, and must be handled like men—that is, without gloves! 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' they recklessly pursue and heedlessly seize upon that which gratifies appetite or affords amusement for the passing moment. This characteristic of 'children of a larger growth,' explains to our mind, the why and wherefore of a recent stampede on their part. 'Great is Diana of Ephesus,' shouted the multitude, and forthwith she was endowed with all the virtues and graces which adorn Christianity! And yet Diana, like another distinguished lady of whom we wot, and in whose praise the multitude shout their hosannas, was a mere human of 'leather and prunella' a brazen goddess, made up of pinstripes and percolation. Neither were they illuminated by the divine spark, or endowed with angelic wings, old widows and beardless boys to the contrary notwithstanding!

But we have no quarrel with Miss Lucetta; so far as we know she is a lady 'sans fear et sans reproche'; she made three speeches here, to large and intelligent audiences, and by some was pronounced the equal if not the superior of Henry Clay! Lunny be so, but for one, we could not endorse this opinion; we could not patronize such rhapsodies! she can tell an anecdote well, and her imaginary pathetic descriptions occasionally cause one to—blow his nose! but as an orator, she is far below par; her gestures are awkward, her language generally vulgar and approximating to the rowdy style; and her grammar beneath criticism. She has evidently 'picked up' what she knows, and with the aid of brass, a quick wit, and the advantage connected with her sex, she passes off with a superficial observer as a highly gifted female orator—or, to cap the climax—the ultimate of vulgar praise, she is a 'mighty smart woman!'

NORTH vs. SOUTH.

DOUGH FACES.

We always doubt the professions of Northern men or women who express love or admiration for the institution of slavery! When such 'dough faces' are about, we lock up our silver spoons and advise our richer but less fortunate fellow citizens to place their 'niggers' out of the way of temptation.

'It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest,' and when we bear Northern people, in the South, berating the land of their nativity, and holding up to ridicule the Know Nothing and picayune propensities of their friends and neighbors at home, and lauding the 'wholesouled,' 'generous' audience of another State, in whose presence they are, we always are inclined to scent a rat! lock up our valuables, doubt the sincerity of the speaker, and presume that in another latitude, our foibles or faults may be made equal matters for mirth or satire. Again we say, it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest! Such an ill bird has recently been in our midst, and what is a remarkable coincidence, on the very night that that bird took flight, a negro boy, belonging to one of our most respectable citizens, also took flight, and was last seen a mile or two from town, on the very road taken by this ill omened bird! But all this may have been merely a very remarkable coincidence!

It is not for the first time that we find ourselves in a 'glorious minority!' We recollect, some years ago, that we had the daring audacity to call Gov. Crittenden to account for secretly pardoning that notorious scoundrel Fairbanks: The whole Whig press, with an honorable exception, bore down upon us, as though we had committed the unpardonable sin and not a few, in this vicinity, guessed whether we were greater knaves than loath! Well, we are not apt to be deterred by numbers, and so persevered; until it became to be generally acknowledged that the Governor had no moral right to pardon a prisoner out of the penitentiary without letting the people know, through the medium of the public press, the cause of said pardon; and the present in this Capitol, which then ridiculed the idea, has since succumbed to the force of public sentiment, and never fails to notice the release of a Penitentiary bird, by the pardoning power of the Governor.

When we first learned through a foreign Abolition journal how the release of Fairbanks, who justly deserved the penitentiary for life, had been accomplished—how the slaves stolen had been paid for, and bribes as high as \$10 paid to signora to the petition for his release, we volunteered, in the face of the odium under which we were then laboring, a prediction to the effect that the silly and reprehensible leniency shown to Fairbanks and Miss Webster would result in the increase of the villainy which their incarceration by a competent jury was intended to put a stop to.

Well, what are the facts? Our prediction has been fulfilled to the letter. Fairbanks is again in the Penitentiary on a second charge for the same offence! and by good rights, Miss Webster ought to be there also for it is but very recently that she was driven from the State for tampering with negroes; and yet more recently we have had to record a dastardly attack by one of her paramours upon the life of a most respectable citizen of this county, who happened to be called as a witness for the State against her on a charge of nigger stealing! one who, if any one in the State had acted to her as a friend and brother, was the one who had exhibited himself as such, even at the risk of honor and reputation.

At the same time, the mistaken leniency of Gov. Crittenden would bring back upon us not only Fairbanks and Miss Webster, but hordes of other fanatics, who, under a fair exterior—'what a goodly outside both falsehood!'—would prey upon our peculiar institutions, and act as defences our laws for the protection of slave property. Are we not right? Have we not been infected by those worse than Egyptian pests? And have not the slave holders in various parts of the State had good reason to curse the merciful folly of Gov. Crittenden?

Though we are no advocate of the peculiar institution, yet 'what the law makes property is property,' and the stealing of a nigger we would regard as great a disgrace and crime as stealing a horse or any other species of property; but the people of the free North are not raised that way; many of them consider slave stealing a virtue! No sensible, reflecting southerner man, though he abhors their principles in this respect, expects them to approve and advocate the institution of slavery. Hence when we hear a person from the free states commending our system of labor, and denouncing and ridiculing the labor system, manners and customs of the free North, we are apt to think they are talking for 'Buena Vista' and place no more reliance upon their professions than we would upon those of Benedict Arnold.

Miss Webster, [who, if she had her just deserts would now be keeping company with her paramour Fairbanks,] was one of this sort. She was looked upon in Fayette county as a highly intellectual, well educated and refined young lady, until she was caught, late at night, riding off towards the river, with a comparative stranger as her protector, and a few silly slaves in her train; and then the infamous insulted suddenly ceased to cry 'Great is Diana of Ephesus!'

Municipal Election.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 6.—At the municipal election today the Know-Nothing elected all their candidates. Win Swift was elected Mayor, and J. S. Hogan Attorney.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 6.—A bill passed the House today at Springfield, by a vote of 51 to 21, repealing all the license laws of the State.

Marriages.

HYMENAL.

Married—On the evening of the 21st, by the Rev. W. W. Lord, Mr. E. F. Edwards, of this city, to Miss Mary S. Reed, formerly of Georgetown, Ky.

Deaths.

In this town on Wednesday morning, the 10th inst., of disease of the heart, after brief illness, Miss A. Carole Hancock, daughter of Mr. A. Hancock, an interesting and amiable young lady.

Near Spring Hill, Livingston county, Mo., on the 13th of Dec. 1854 of typhoid fever, Mr. B. L. Bantz, late of Danville, in the 23d year of his age, leaving an affectionate wife and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his early departure from this life.

On the 13th inst., on Sunday evening, in the 5th year of her age, of Typhoid Fever, Susan Kama, only daughter of E. W. and Mary Le Rue.

Offspring of children to come upon us, and forbid them not; for out of the kingdom of heaven.

DIED.—In Lexington on Wednesday, 27th ult., HENRY THEODORE, only son of James and Susan Krucor, aged 7 years 9 months and 25 days.

Death at all times, is a fearful visitation, and surrounded by very painful circumstances; but this was one of those instances in which our sympathies are strongly moved. Henry

being an only son, very obedient and most unusually sprightly, and given to his books. Leaving his teachers—found of the Sabbath School and services of the church, so he immediately bent himself not only to his immediate but to all who knew him. The usual development and solidity of his mind was most strikingly exhibited in his aversion to every thing he knew to be evil—and often would he inquire of those older, if anything he was inclined to do was a sin, and if he was replied to affirmatively he instantly baulched the thought of engaging in it. He had a great horror of the use of the wine, bibber and the drunkard, and was very compliant with his connection with Father Headington's army of temperance children.

But death claimed him for the grave, and we sympathizing with his parents and sisters most piously bow in the will of Providence and say:

"Sleep on and take thy rest,
God callen thee home and he knows best."
"Ere long ye be converted and become as this little child, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A.

Markets.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 9, M.

Flour—7 00/75.

Wheat—24 1/2.

Hogs—Unsettled.

Provisions—No sales.

Lard—Sales of 300 lbs prima at 8 1/2c.

(Groceries—Sugar is quiet at 5 1/2c; Molasses 20c for old and 23 for new.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 9th.

Business is moderately active, and confined chiefly to shipments to the South. The weather has been freezing cold all day, but moderating this evening. The river is falling, though in a favorable condition, and freights are at low rates.

Haggling and Rope—We quote at 14 a 15c, and 6 a 7c—extreme prices—with heavy shipments to day.

Coal—Small sales of Pittsburgh at 14 a 15c.

Cheese—Small lots at 10 1/2c.

Flour and Grain—Good brands are scarce, and prices higher, with small sales of flour at 8 1/2c Wheat nominal Corn 62 a 63c, in lots.

Provisions—Prices are easy, with light sales of the coffee at 10 1/2c. Sales of 5 hds new sugar in lots at 4 1/2c.

Provisions—Dull and unsettled, though holders are firm, and refuse to come in unless for cash. A sale of 50 kegs new lard was made at 11c.

A LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at

Georgetown, on the 31st Dec. 1854.

Which if not taken out in 3 months, will be sent to the Dual Letter Office.

A.

Adams, George 1.

Ackers, Thomas P. 1.

B.

Baird, Thomas 1.

Burch, Martin 1.

Baily, Hoo 1.

Bely, H. 1.

C.

Crawford, G. W. 1.

Coyl, John M. 1.

Clarke, Charles 1.

Campbell, John 1.

Cole, Andrew Jr. 1.

D.

Dehoy, Haynes 1.

E.

Ewing, John F. 1.

F.

Flournoy, Lucian 1.

Fisher, Brokeborough 1.

Furber, Lonsia 1.

Flanagan, Frank 1.

G.

Gregory, William A. 2.

Graves, Elizabeth Mrs. 1.

Gatewood, John 1.

Gregg, Thomas 1.

H.

Hall, David 1.

Hall, N. O. 2.

Hales, John 1.

Harranood, Julia A. Miss 1.

J.

Johnson, Jarvis Heira 1.

Johnson, G. S. 1.

Jewell, Richard 1.

K.

Keun, John Dr. 1.

L.

Lindin, Patrick 1.

Lackland, John 1.

M.

McIntire, May Ivanna L. 1.

Miner, Jeremiah 1.

Moslin, John 1.

Michison, N. E. 1.

N.

Nicholas, James M. 1.

Notter, Mary A. Miss 1.

S.

Seuten, Benjamin 3.

Scott, Harry 1.

Sutton, Thomas 1.

Swoot, Thomas 1.

Smith, Mary Miss 1.

T.

Thomas, Westley 1.

Thirledkill, Greenup 1.

Thompson, S. H. 1.

Tucker, Hiram 1.

V.

Vaughn, F. 1.

W.

Walker, Fannie 1.

Whitson, L. 1.

Williams, George 1.

Win, McDANIEL, P. M.

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G.

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Gregg, Thomas 1.

H.

Hall, David 1.

<

to perform, at one dollar each.
June 29, 1854-16-ly.

Flour and Meal.
BEST Flour and Meal always on hand
for sale by J. E. APPLEGA